

Anarchy

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Anarchy

To our Families
To who we have bonded with not only just love,
But by our blood and ancestral roots.

Contents

Bloodlust	6
Abolished	9
Serendipity	21
Travel	43

Introduction

This book is a collection of stories we made in humanities class from High Tech High International. In where freshmen students created stories of going back in time in where our ancestor were born. The story will begin from the earliest year to a year in the 20th Century. I hope you enjoy *Anarchy*.

Bloodlust

Prologue

I heard the screams behind me, bloody murder written in each one, piercing my eardrums as I run through the village. I had advanced to armory, fear attempting to draw me away. As I near the armory, I saw a small object similar to that of rock quickly growing closer. Krak!

~

I hear more yells, but they had come closer this time and each with a different tone of voice, one of the tones sounding like attempted intimidation. My hands didn't feel right, praying my hands aren't severed, I attempt to see, everything only a blur. I'm looking everywhere, my hands dangling like two small bloodied chandeliers. Being as they were bound so tightly, the blood circulation must have cut off, causing them to numb up. I feel the fresh spit on my face, I attempt to see where the spit comes from, in front of me, a tall muscular blonde man, his left eye bloodied.

One-Eyed Man: "Hå-- det ----- barn -- satan"

"Cad?" (what?)

One-Eyed Man: "Håll det flytta barn av satan" (keep it moving, children of satan.)

"Ní féidir liom an rud atá á rá agat a thuiscint" (I don't understand what you're saying)

The One-Eyed Man turns to another unknown person, "ta honom till guillotinen när han slutar arbeta" (take him to the guillotine when he stops working)

He turns back to me, “Du kommer från och med nu att arbeta för oss” (you’ll be working for us from now on)

I avert my eyes to a man, standing in front of a bloodied cross, “Tá an bás gar do chara. ádh mór ar an turas chuig na flaithis.”(Death is close, friend. May God bless your soul, and may he accept you into the heavens). He says to me as his torso and legs are being tied to the base of the cross. I look away from the man while I can. More horrifying screams of multiple tortured beings came as they drag down my sanity, little by little with each scream. The sound of loud crashing stabs at my eardrums feeling like tiny knives are stabbing at my ears over and over again. The ground began to rattle, a metallic taste rides in my mouth as well as a searing pain against my tongue. Must’ve been blood, but I don’t have time to check whether or not it was blood, I look all around me, but everything is a blur.

I had woken up. Feeling needles covering the entirety of my body, I can’t help but stay still. This feeling is somewhat recognizable, but the unrecognition still stands. I can’t tell if I’m physically unable to move, or if this is that deer-in-headlights situation. All I could do was open my eyes and breathe. If I’m in real danger right now, then I guess this is where it ends. In front of me is still only a blur. I see slight movement, however I hear nothing. Guess my eardrums were ruptured. In front of me is quite calm, but still feels intense as everything is still so sudden and shaking me up.

I’m clearly incapable of handling nausea. I had passed out again, my senses are mostly okay. My legs are numb though, and everything else is in pain. My hands seemed released finally, still slightly numb however. I can just barely hear people speaking to me, I look all around me. A large number of people are bloodied, possibly dead, with two kneeling at my side a

man and woman. The woman crying while cradling a baby in her arms. The woman doesn't look particularly strange, but the man had dirty blonde hair and a squiggly pupil, but was very tuff looking... is this the son of Ragnar, Sigurd Ragnarsson?

Sigurd: "Stå opp venn, du kan ikke dø på oss nå." (Stand up friend, you can't die on us now)

I thought to myself, "finally, someone else that speaks my language."

"Takk skal du ha..." (thank you) I say to the man as he looks around, in hopes someone else is alive.

"Er du Sigurd Ragnarsson?" (Are you Sigurd Ragnarsson?)

Sigurd: "Ja, og du er?" (yes, and you are?)

I get up and kneel in front of them.

"Mitt navn er-"

The world around me significantly slows...

The ceiling had fallen upon us. Flames begin to seep through the walls, I see arrows flying to every house from the window. Boulders engulfed in flame falling upon houses, destroying everything in its path, as if meteors were falling from the sky upon us. It must be Ælla's men, the people who had my hands tied earlier. The house kills everyone but me and a couple of men. I attempt to escape the house, carrying man out, maybe alive, maybe good for a shield. I'm outside, arrows flying all around, at this point I'm a target, with nobody else nearby other than the man. I hear a final whoosh of an arrow. All goes quiet.

Abolished

Prologue

Aztec, the native americans that had ruled a vast empire, of Central and Southern Mexico. In which, my ancestors had walked the same soil. Out of all things, why did it happen to me out all of the other people in this world?

~

Chapter 1

I've spent all of my time today for this damn Project. It was late at night. The pure black of the night makes the moon look so beautiful. It made me want to forget about this project and just admire the moon. As rain began to drop steadily and softly, falling from the dark sky outside. I'm comforted by the inside of the house. The house was like any terrace mountain house. Like designs you see in Germany or Korea. The house was a currier creme. Inside, the white walls reminded me of the fluffy clouds in the air. It's dark out and began raining Cats and dogs. Oh well.

In the kitchen, I was working on a project that Do yoon and I were assigned to finish and present for extra credit. The kitchen, modern and pleasant like those display kitchens you see in Ikea. Or those beautiful homes you admire on Zillow. Which are way too expensive.

Lucky Bastard.

"Hey~." He Spoke, his voice low and fruity that you'd love hearing all the time. He could lullaby you to sleep sometimes. His voice was comforting. "Are you done with your part?" He says, his left hand moving in motion as writing in the paper that was on top of the table. "Yeah" The simple respond I gave, had me already suspect on what's coming next. I heard him stop writing and turn his body toward me. "Good, now, you answer honestly.", He said, grabbing my chin to face him. "Go to sleep when I'm done talking to you but, are you related to Aztecs in any way?" I hear a little curiosity from his voice but, his face looked calm. "No, my family is from Mexico. I'm not related to them." I said standing up. "If you excuse me Imma take your room and take these." Grabbing the journal in where we needed to put the information down. "I'm going to take a rest and read what we have so far. Have a wonderful night!" I said sarcastically, as I walk away, heading towards his room. "Wait!", He said, hearing him stand up and stumble against something, making me chuckle. He ran toward me grabbing my wrist "There's no way you're taking over my room." He said glaring at me. "Too bad," I smirked dashing toward his room opening his door then closing it, locking it from the inside. "Hey!" He said banging the door. He stops knowing that he isn't going to have the guts to kick me out of his room. He can never win due to him loving me too much even though this is his house.

His bedroom was something to be jealous about. His bed king-sized, sheet designed of stars like a little kids room. Walls were navy blue, on the right was a huge window that led to a balcony, surprisingly the guy was a clean freak. What's not to like about this guy? I jumped on his bed, lifting the journal towards the ceiling getting a good look. *'I wonder how it was like.'* putting the journal to my chest as I stare at the ceiling to the clock that said '12:25 am.' *'It's late'* I thought as I slowly begin falling asleep. *'regretting it once I woke up.'*

~

I woke up to the bed feeling not so comfortable as it was before. As if I was laying on the ground. I began hearing mumbles, and way too much noise which disturbed my sleep. I started getting annoyed. "Do youn, can you be quiet. I'm trying to sleep." At last, opening my eyes seeing the most unexpected thing in my life. A group of Female Aztec surrounding me. Speaking in a language, I didn't understand. *Natahl*. I began panicking as looking in my surroundings to see if I had the book with me. I spotted it near a woman's feet. I quickly grabbed it. Hiding it making sure they didn't see it but, I think they saw it already. Hopefully, they don't question it.

'Where in the world was I' The people around began screaming, terrifying me to act. I ran out of the little hut. Seeing that I had people's attention. I didn't care. I wanted to get out of there. I look in every direction trying to find a spot where there were few people. Luckily spotted an area and ran towards it. I tried to catch my breath as I was having a hard time breathing. I look at my surrounding finally realizing where I was. *'Tenochtitlan.'* I began panicking as seeing my surrounding. *'Oh no, please no!'* I spotted a Spanish conquistador patrolling the city. I lean against the wall. *'Why here out of all places.'* I open the book trying to find a current page, passing the pages. *'Aha!'* Seeing that we finished the project early made me want to shed tears of happiness. I stopped at the page that had the title page as 'History Timeline' with them being specific thanks to someone. I began looking seeing it was probably 1520 around June or Mid-September. I started wanting to ask people but, I still didn't know anything plus, the language. The only communication I recognized was Spanish but, couldn't interact with any of the conquistadores. *'Why was I here though'* I stood up slowly walking, sneakily making sure

no one sees me. I shake actively not being able to move correctly. I bumped into something, scared it might be a Spanish guard but, it wasn't. It was an Aztec guy that looks around the age of seventeen or eighty; The guy was taller, maybe around 5'7 or so. His body was full of muscle. He was like a living work of art. Either way this guy was cute. I walk past him. Surprisingly he grabs my arm, and begins to talk. "¿Quien Eres?". He said as getting closer to my face as breathing in my face. *Who are you?* He said that. I was damn shook. *'Was there more people like him?'* I couldn't comprehend what was happening but, The Aztec guy voices was deep, not as fruity as Do yoon but, bumpier. He pushed me, not understanding why. "Habla!" He said making me finally understand. He was telling me to talk. "Ah, Lo Siento yo-" I stopped, *'what do I say'* I didn't want to tell this guy that *'Oh! I'm from the Future, and I need help, Duh!'* It's stupid and

will for sure report me! "Yo Estaba de Viaje solo y yo me perdí y pasé," I said I was by myself traveling got lost, hoping somewhere in his mind he would fall for it. "Hmm." He said getting close to me. "Bien entonces le escoltaré a un Lugar donde de pueden tener Cuidado de usted" He grabbed my wrist and dragged me to the place that going to take care of me. "Vamonos." 'Let's go.' he said. 'I can't go with him. "¡E-Esperar!" I said making him let go of my wrist. 'Should I tell him or not? You know what screw it.' "Escuchar, Pido de usted no le cuentes a nadie de yo." I ask him to not tell anyone of me. No one can know. I sounded desperate, and I was, I didn't want anyone to know about me just yet. He looks at me with cold eyes "¿Por qué tan? Le debería relatar sólo." he began walking away to tell others that I was here. *'I can't be caught.'* "¡Esperar, por favor!" I ran towards him telling him to wait. "Por Favor, si les dice que yo estoy aquí Puedo estar en problemas y a todo se pueblo morirá antes de que ell-" I stopped, what am I saying? I

shouldn't say anything.' I was basically him on what would happen to his people. I don't think I should've said that. "¿Qué quieres decir?" He ask what I was trying to say and I told him.

~

After explaining and telling him everything, he stood there. Silent. His face expressed nothing. It's like seeing a blank canvas and not being sure on what to do. 'I should've lied about some parts but, he has to know.' "¿Bien?" Questioning him on how he felt and wanting to know what he's thinking. "Ayudaré si. ayudas a mi Gente despues," He said taking his pinking as a 'Promise' promising that he'll help and I'll help his people. I'm surprised it worked, *'Thank god.'* "Deberíamos comenzar a Planear," I said wanting to make a plan already but, all of the sudden my head began to hurt. "Urgh!" I fell to the ground, catching my fall as one knee in the floor. "¿Estas Bien?" He asks if I was alright as coming towards me supporting my back as sounding worried. "Escuchar, Consígame Cosas que necesitaré. No se preocupe, estaré bien." I said telling him to get me things I would need and that I'll be fine. Everything became blurring and vanished. Everything was dark. *'Where the-'* I jumped. The room began to look more clearer. I look around. I'm back in Do yoon's bedroom. "Do yoon!" I shouted wanting to make sure I was back and safe. I wanted to hug Do yoon cause for sure I were scared out of my mind. I open the door dashing towards the living room seeing him cozy in the couch. I ran towards him and hugged him. Tightly. "Hmm," It seems I have woken up sleeping beauty. 'What's going on..' he says half asleep then fully awake as seeing I was hugging him. Which is something I don't do. "Woah, Woah, Settle down. Did you have a nightmare again?" he said pushing me away to see a good look in my face. I simply nodded. "Wanna Talk about it?"

~

I told him how I magically ended up in Tenochtitlan and oh boy did he give me a reaction. He ignored how I felt, what happened and right away went to get me ready if I went back there. It's like hearing your kid getting bullied and you straight away put them in karate lesson but, I was going to Tenochtitlan where a massacre happens. "Wow, you could just let me do it," I said not wanting him to do anything. "Oh, sweetie I did more research than you ever did now you pack things you need. I nodded and headed towards his garage. As opening the door to the garage. "Hey!" I heard him yelling and yelled back. "Yeah?"

"What's going to be your name?" I was about to respond until I realize I didn't have one and I never gave the guy my 'name' "I don't know yet." I heard his footstep coming toward the garage. "Really? Okay then, your Aztec name is Atxi." I said giving a smile. "All right, Thank you, sir; Do yoon," I said bowing to lighten up my mood. "Your welcome Madam Atxi." He said looking away, laughing as he couldn't hold it in anymore. I joined as well.

~

Time passed as the sun was about to rise, seating and waiting in the couch patiently to go back. "Well, when are you going back?" He said drinking a cup of tea he made and on his other hand was a cup of Coffee for me, I grab a cup of coffee from his hand. Silently mouthing the word. 'Thank You' and taking a sip of it before placing it in the coffee table. "I-" I stopped as my head began to hurt again. "I think now." I heard Do yoon gasped. "Oh my, Irene! You got this. Don't worry just breath!" He said shouting running like a lunatic. "Your acting as if I'm giving birth!" I said making my head hurt even more. "Well-" Do yoon's voice began to fade away no longer

being able to hear it. Everything become pitch black. There's, nothing for me to see from my perspective until I close my eyes and begin opening them again. Seeing something new. It made me realized that I was here. Things look much different. Much more Gloomier. The sun was in the middle of the sky standing loud and proud. I was sure the massacre was either Today or Tomorrow. "¡Parar! ¿Quién Eres?" A man voice was heard telling me to stop and ask who I was. *'Why this all of a sudden.'* "Perdone, ¡Hable!" 'Excuse me! Speak!' he said coming closer. I was suddenly shaking but, I went for it. "Oí al Traductor necesario español y Ayuda con Los españoles que me acercan al Azteca," I said that they needed translators and I was here to applied for it and smiling like a crazy lady. 'Please be stupid.' "Bien Sígueme" Saying to follow him, He walks forward. *'He's stupid!'* I followed him being sure I had nothing on me that would be suspension. "Ok, usted va a quedarse aquí para supervisor," The guy said telling me to supervise this part of the area as it was a "part" of being a translator leaving, and I'm alone. I wanted to look for the guy. 'Where can he possibly be?' I question myself as looking around. I began walking around seeing if the aztec guy was near. 'There!' I saw him talking to people like how he suppose to, the people walk away and I approach. "Pssh!" I say getting the guy attention. He walks towards me. "¡Usted Finalmente regresó! He said greeting me as I'm finally back giving me a handshake. "Tenemos Que empezar a planificar Una Vez la matanza occurred en el festival de mañana." I said reminding him that we needed to concentrate on what we need to do for tomorrow's festival. He sighs. "Me olvidé de que, bien empecemos planificación sino, en primer lugar, ¿cuál es tu nombre?" He said forgetting the information I gave him and asked what my name was as looking at me while walking somewhere as I followed "Su..." I paused, as remember the Aztec name Do yoon gave me. "Yo soy Atxi, Mucho Gusto, "I say as introducing

myself with my “name.” as looking around. "Sabe que es tarde, pero agradable para reunirse con usted. Estoy Mazatl." he said as telling me it's late for introduction but, told me his name. I nodded, smiling.

"Preparémonos." ‘Let's get Ready.’

~

The Massacre was today. It was finally here. Many people are going to die today, and I'm going to witness it. "Atxi." I heard Mazatl call my "name." "Vamonos." I said as telling him it's time to move. As I walk out of the little hut seeing people get ready for the festival and guards, and I mean many guards were walking around. I still can't believe this is happening. I was beginning to shake, and Mazatl seems to notice. "Oye, está bien." He asked if I was okay as I breathe in and out, nodding my head and patrolled the area. Mazatl and I continue discussing things on how to escape. "No será elegante para hacer esto, buscarán el lugar entero. Por eso tenemos que estar lejos y ayudar a la gente corriente que quiere, pero, en el Momento adecuado no demasiado temprano y no demasiado tarde." Telling him that current places wouldn't be good and to collect only two to one people. It was almost time.

~

The Festival has begun, people were dancing, singing and dressed in a way that would catch people's attention. Mazatl and I kept an eye out for guards in a building making sure they don't find us. Mazatl also had his eye out for his family. 'Thank goodness he had a few family members.' From a far away sight, I saw groups of guards getting closer to where the Aztec were celebrating.

'It's time.'

"Mazatl, Coge tu Familia Ahora." I said telling him to get his family now. He saw the direction I was looking at. "Lo conseguí." He said telling me he understood and rushed towards his family, telling them the situation. "ARGHHHHHHH!" A scream was heard from the far right. I began looking for where the scream came from and spotted a bunch of guards. I jumped down the building rushing trying to get at least one or two to follow me. Screams were heard left and right. The guards were killing any Aztecs in sight. 'Mazatl where are you?' I ran with the two Aztecs but a guard was coming after us. 'I can't let them die.' "ARGH!" the old man screamed. His head was cut off, blood splattering everywhere. I saw the spine and all of the liquids that was coming out of the decapitated head. I couldn't believe the sight I was witnessing. The lady fell to her knees being stabbed in her chest, and the guards began to approach me. 'This can't be happening.' I fell to the floor, shaking due to the explicitness. *'I can't move.'* I was traumatized. No matter how hard I tried, my body wouldn't budge. The guard was moving closer. 'Move! Come on!.' My hand goes through the bag I carried trying my absolute hardest to find something. I found a knife and a few rocks. I threw the few rocks at the guard, a few hit him but he wouldn't stop. The guard got closer making me scared out of my life. "¡Parar!" I screamed. Pleading for him to stop. The guard looked at me with cold eyes and had no emotions almost like Mazatl when I first saw him. "Muérete Perra." He said as getting my shoulder. "ARGH!" I screamed. He was pushing the sword deeper. I kick him in the stomach being able to push him back. I grabbed my knife and cut him across the face. Running away hoping he doesn't chase me. I tried to take the sword out, and it brought an indescribable pain even worse. I needed to Mazatl. The massacre continued.

'Mazatl Where are you?' "ATXI!" I heard him. I Heard him! I ran towards the direction I heard him call my name from. 'Please be safe.' I saw Mazatl far away. "Mazatl!" I saw his face turn towards me and ran towards me. "Necesitamos salir de aquí" he said as telling me needed to get out of here. I nodded saying that we needed to leave and followed him from behind.

"¿Qué te pasó a tu hombro?" He said as he was running, looking at the shoulder looking concern. "No preguntes nada y ve." Telling him to not worry about it and looked around. There were guards everywhere. We reached the wall and saw a few people at the top. 'Guards haven't arrived at this area, and we need to move.' "Mazatl, Vamonos." I said telling him to hurry up as we're beginning to climb the wall. "PARAR!" We heard a scream telling us to stop as looking at the direction it was a few guards swarming the area. 'We need to move.' "Mazatl mover más rápido," I say telling him to hurry up as he was behind by a lot. "Estamos casi allí." Awarig him that we were almost there, We at last reached the top. I attempt to catch my breath as I watch the guards trying to shoot arrows but missed. "Mazatl, hicimos I-." I said telling him were here but, saw Mazatl fall on the other side. He had an arrow in his chest. *'He got shot.'*

"MAZATL!" I screamed going after him. 'Be okay.' I grab his head to put on my lap. "Habla Mazatl, por favor," I say pleading him to speak, feeling the urge to cry. "Gracias Atxi, por todo.", He said thanking me for helping him, grabbing my hand and opening it up to place his necklace. "Mi nombre es Y-" Before I could finish he closed his eyes and I couldn't feel him breathing. "Gracias," I say Thank you silently staying in the position I was already in for awhile. Intensely crying due to the fact that I lost my fellow companion. I began moving, wiping my tears away as I was dragging his body somewhere else, not to be found by the guards. "Urgh!" I yelp, touching at my wound. 'I need medicine.' I grabbed my the salt water from my bag and poured a bit in the

wound. It stings a little but it's better than getting an infection. I grab my bag putting my hand inside to grab the bandage wrap. Wrapping it around the injury. I stand up heading towards Mazatl body, putting plants over him and walking away. "I'm sorry." I began walking away and headed towards where the other aztec went in who survived. My head started hurting, making me collapse, feeling weak, unable to move. *'I can't die like this.'* everything vanished and out of nowhere appeared Do yoon's house. The same plain wood floor. 'I'm back.' "Do yoon!" I shouted, banging the floor with the bag I was holding. I couldn't stand up, so I slammed my fist against the floor like a lunatic. "Yan!", He said with his face of shock of seeing my state. He grabs my head carefully placing it on his lap. "h-he died...Do yoon." I said as tears began falling from my face. "I'm sorry Yan. Everything is going to be okay now." He said giving me a weak smile.

Epilogue

"Yan Get ready! We gotta, present today!" Do yoon said as heading towards the front door. "I'm ready to tell everyone this hell of a story," I say smiling to myself as grabbing the journal in which was in the kitchen table, pausing as looking at it for a while as memories began passing through as an ocean does. I touch the necklace I was wearing. I remembered of Mazatl. I shake my head and grab the journal heading towards Do yoon seeing him waiting in the front door using his phone. I was careful with my shoulder in which was still injured due to the doctor telling me, 'You must be careful with your shoulder, You don't want it to be dislocated.' The doctor told me the day I was released from the hospital. As carrying my bag with my left arm as

not being able to carry it with my right. "Come on!" I was saying tapping his shoulder giving him my bag as I open the giant red door and stepping outside.

"Let's Go!"

Serendipity

Chapter 1

I was woken up from my deep slumber to the smell of bacon filling the entire house. We lived in a one story with 3 rooms and 2 bathrooms. I thankfully got a room that came with a bathroom, which means I don't have to share with my family. Unfortunately, I would soon have to share that fate when we head out to go camping. Or so I thought.

On the day, My family and I were supposed to head out to the campsite, I felt my eyes wander on their own. Leaving me in no control, as my stomach twists itself over and over. Leaving a constipated look on my face. I couldn't force any of my strength to grab my suitcase and get off my mattress. Screaming my mothers name a couple times brought her attention to me, so I could tell her of my illness. Leaving this situation, I was pondering how I was going to be home alone, made me scared out of my mind. Although, I am living in a secure neighborhood, my mother talked to our neighbors constantly about this. I told my mother and brother that it would be fine seeing how there would be enough food for me. If I did happen to run out of food because all my late night snacks. I could head over to one of our neighbors to get more food from them. I would most likely head to Sheila's, she has a sweet perfume and makes the best cookies for when we get together for a Holiday. Left without argument, I remained home instead of going to the camping trip. As soon as I heard the car drive away this awful smell crept through.

Making me dry heave. I threw myself onto the couch reaching for the TV remote. But before I could grab the remote, everything came into a blur. Chills rushed through my body, my hair brushing past my face as I'm suddenly facing a pier. Liquid was soaking my pajamas, I push myself off and the smell lingered back but stronger. I was forced to inhale the air that made my eyes water. When I looked down, I realize my couch became remains of a man, staining me with his blood.

As I try not to lose my marbles then and there. I figured that maybe I passed out and this all was just a dream. "Yeah... this is just a dream, ha it feels so real" I say while gaining some confidence in my thoughts. But reality sinks in when I pinch myself and it hurts. So I pinch again and again, tempted to start stabbing myself with a knife off the dead dude. Taking the knife off his hands, seeing how he's not using it. I decide I shouldn't considering the possibility that this is real and drop to the ground holding myself.

"This is insane ... it's not real" but to no avail do I see anything become cotton candy.

"Ok" voice cracking I stand up. I figure I should go somewhere without any dead people. How did these guys die. The thought torments my brain but I brush it off and start walking towards the nearest set of shelter. After a couple minutes of walking by bodies and sand I hear shouting and gunshots roar from the sides of me. This is a war. Not knowing where it's coming from I launch myself to the ground covering myself with a dead man. Maybe this is the end of the world, what if I traveled to when the end of the world happens. But instead of investigating I just lay there under the man holding the knife that I grabbed to my chest. Shouting and gunshots wake me up after I passed out. The alarm in my chest stays as I clench the knife. An hour passes, while the alarm in me stays. As I slide out to peek, I catch a glimpse of feet, multiple of them rush by me.

Not knowing what to do I slide out from under him and rush for the streets in front of me. Before I could reach I'm pulled to the side by someone unknown to me, the rush of adrenaline rushing through me made me plunge the knife into this poor man who happened to scare me. The adrenaline leaves as he lets go of his grip on me to stop the bleeding in his stomach. Too terrified of the thought of getting caught, I rush past him into the nearest house and duck inside. Not paying attention to how terrible of a condition it's in with bullet holes in the walls, trashed decoration, and broken doors. I make my way into what used to be an apartment complex. I head upstairs and check the first apartment. Its door slightly ajar I make my way inside scavenging for any sort of food or anything that could be edible. My stomach rumbles as I find some cans in a nearby shelf. I prop it open with the knife with what looks like carrots. Not paying any attention I ravish the half of it and walk towards the sink. Turning the faucet on was a big deal, if the water doesn't come out I would have to look for water. There could be some lying around but I would doubt that. My heart pounds as I twist the knob and wouldn't you be surprised there was water. It didn't look completely clean but at the moment I didn't care, my mouth was dry and my clothes were long past saving. As I undress myself and look for clothes taking more from the apartment of my convenience was a woman's apartment. Shared with a man who took the bottom drawers of a plain dresser with 4 drawer compartments. I take what can fit me and try it on. Only skirts were there which would make me stand out so I took one of the man's pants and cut off some fabric so I could run if I needed to. Paired with some undergarments from the ladies section of course. Leaving my shirt to be a flowy blouse that I tucked in.

Chapter 2

-Unknown soldier

Fighting for our freedom was the only way. I didn't know any better and wanted to help my people, so I fought. I fought till I first bled. Then again always coming close but being saved, like some unknown source is trying to keep me alive. On the second day we were sent out I threw myself into battle and was caught off guard. Across the battlefield we saw a supposedly dead soldier run across the field. I ran towards the direction they fled towards while others kept their guns loaded, with shot after shot. The sound was known to me and others after being put in the war, constantly hearing bullet shells clatter and cover the ground. I cared not for the other side but only my people. Once I turned the corner there they stood shocked by being caught off guard. But I was shocked as well. As it turns out it was a little lady with blond hair that ran across our battlefield. I recognized her from somewhere, I've seen her before. She reminded me of the children that ran across the dirt paths back in the Philippines. The kids that played without caring whether our freedom would be taken once again. Before I could pull her out of the open playing field into the alley that I stood from. She unsheaths a blade and stabs me in my stomach, as I release the grip on her arm she rushes off. I kneel down gasping for air as I try to catch my breath, blocking the blood as I hold myself steady on the wall. Once I get a breath I raise my head only to see in front of me stood a tall steady arm pointed at my forehead. It was one of the U.S. soldiers. I thought to grab for my weapon holstered at my side. But, I gave in and dropped

my hand from the wall as I'm stripped of everything I have, then put in an armbar being escorted to god knows where.

Chapter 3

Two days have past and I know nothing of getting back home but what I do know is I don't want to be in this area any longer. The kitchen being only an empty pot and a shelf full of cans that are almost empty considering it only took the top shelf, with the rest being plates and utensils. But of course I didn't question the outdated look or how I don't recognize any of the buildings or how the roads were dirt. I just knew this wasn't my home as I make my way downstairs. Passing the alley where the man I stabbed was, I see no sign of him and a sigh of relief comes out.

As I make my way through the alleys I run into a bridge but there are guards and tents all laid out on the other side. I make my way back and decide to go around. Bodies laid out on the ground, I decided to loot them maybe I could blend in. As I start taking one's clothes off it groans in pain. I jump back surprised, dude was alive! I guess I can't loot them. He starts trying to talk, but I couldn't understand. All I knew though is he wasn't safe, so I dragged him through the buildings that I slept in and laid him up on the wall grabbing a blanket, the last of the fruit and some water from upstairs. As he tries to get up I push him back down, amazed on how easily he could've just shot me. He was surprisingly compliant. I rush upstairs once again and ransacked each apartment for some kind of medkit and grabbed some huge tweezers out of a medkit from the 3rd floor. He nodded so I figured it was a go, disinfecting it with some of the water I insert the 'forceps'

carefully as I make my way through and find the bullet. Shaking and sweating we start hearing footsteps. My heart stops and I panic but he pats my shoulder and I continue. Able to get it out I disinfect it once more. I tear the bottom of my trousers with the help of knife, throwing the bullet off to the side. Swinging him around my shoulder, we make it into one of the rooms. Before I could fall asleep knowing that we're safe I shove a chair under the door handle. Not eating anything for 2 days and giving it all to the stranger, I drink some water.

Being woken up wasn't always the easiest for me but if someone shoots a gun nearby that might do the trick.

"You're finally awake. We gotta get out of here." The stranger says with a southern accent.

"Or we could just hide out in here the door is covered, they won't even be able to get in." I reply

"But we can't stay here it's not safe."

"Where would we go."

"My camp is rested in the opposite direction from the forest, while they're engaged we could run back."

"Sounds good, so a couple more hours asleep and we can start heading out." I say jokingly resting my head back down.

"No it won't do we have'ta head out now." He says in a determined manner, not questioning my presence.

Groaning I get up and wrap the blanket around me. It seems like he's fine but the wrap should be changed again. After the task of wrapping his wound, I fill an empty glass jar with water and grab some valuables from some of the apartments.

“You think you can make it?”, I ask

“There’s no one let’s go”, he says, ignoring my worries for his health

Watching them push forward one of the soldiers catch our stares. As the man waves his hand I notice how tall he is most likely over 6ft. Could be able to crush me considering i’m only 5’2.

Rushing through, gunshots ricocheting in my eardrums we make it across.. Wincing at his bullet wound it starts bleeding once again. We head towards camp and he then asks me who I am not questioning anything the 3 days we spent. Although I didn’t question anything either. After 20 mins of me rambling how I got lost and just happened to get caught up they buy my lies and take me under their wing. For the cost of me helping them wrap wounds and what not.

“My name is Brett”

“Thank you for rescuing me and I’m sorry you had to get caught in this”

“It’s my pleasure” I reply

“I must go back to battle now, but I will see you soon”

Not understanding clearly made me think that he was trying to get himself killed to get out here.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed?”

With ambition he says “It’s my duty to serve my country”

“It’s my duty to not see another dead dude we set up here for a day you can get your info then we head back.” I respond

His annoyed expression just made me wanna give him food so I grabbed the rice that I didn’t eat and slapped him with it. As you can guess it only pissed him off.

After a week passed we ended up being quite close and he didn’t get shot either so that was a good week.

“That took you awhile” he says with a tone

“Well your attitude doesn’t speed up the process” I answer giving him a grain of rice during the process.

“Really...” his tone annoyed and tired

“If you gimme that attitude yes realllly.” I smile

~

Days past while I patch up the bleeding and can only comfort those who are taking their last breaths. Little did I know that wouldn’t be for a while. A year passes, Brett coming back and forth every now and then. Me having to pack the belongings of those who've passed and giving it to another person to deal with. “Hey little dude” Brett says with a crooked smile as he appears in the middle of night scaring me in the process. But I ignore the jump of my heart and smile with

relief. “You’re picking up my languido but it does not fit you.” I giggle

Both smiling we sit by a small fire while we tell each other happy stories to take away from the bloodshed that just happened in the distance.

“I have a little boy back at home, my wife and him would’ve liked you” he smiles, but he seemed distant, I figured his wife might’ve died and decided to change the subject.

“What’s the last thing you did with your boy”

“Blew bubbles... never seen him so happy after... I can’t wait to see him after this.”

“Bubbles huh... you could’ve taken him to the movies ha bubbles.”

“Don’t make fun of me, and plus he wanted the bubbles.” he says, trying to defend himself

“I think Imma call you bubbles.” I crack

“No you ain’t” he laughs

As we settle down I decide to question my whereabouts.

“Where am I?”

“How’d you get here?”

That same question again. Though I have answered the question to his head of command in front of him he was the one who did not believe me. Knowing we both had questions for each other I decide to answer. Feeling close enough to tell him my darkest secrets, due to the amount of time Taking a deep breath I figure I should just tell it how it is, “I just came here involuntarily, don’t know how but practically teleported”

A moment of silence came before he spoke.

“Bull”

“Wow I thought I could trust with telling you.”

“Who’s going ta believe that you can teleport!”

“Be quiet, you’re gonna draw attention.”

Another moment of silence...

“Let’s say I do believe, then where ya from?” he questions further

“I’m from San Diego.”

“That’s... how’d you get to the Philippines?” he says flabbergasted.

“Philippines...” My voice cracks. Putting everything together I ask the question that I’ve ignored till now..

“What’s the date?” I ask, my chest burrowing inside as the numbers roll out of his mouth.

“It’s August 31, 1897”

As my chest falls into my stomach I grip my cup tighter twitching as I go insane. 1000 questions rolling in my head. Will I die here? Do I have to die to get back? Why here? Why now? WHY... When... When will I go home?

After coming into details about the entire situation we both sit there staring at the fire as it dies out, none of us reaching for the wood..

“You been taking drugs?” he asks, slouched over as he rubs his brows. He usually rubs his brows when he’s stressed he did that when he wrote a letter to reply to his son’s but the letters were delayed to send.

“How did you know.” I exaggerated rolling my eyes in the process.

Wow he thought I was actually serious. But he soon bought it with some history I learned.

More months past and soon it would be another year.

“You have to go” He says, unexpectedly

“What are you talking about.”

Surprised he starts packing the little stuff I owned, gave me some food, and the valuables I stole from the apartments that I’ve forgotten about.

His breath harsh and heavy, “Our camp has been sold out and they are rushing us as we speak”

Chapter 4

-Unknown soldier

It’s been days locked in a well lit place cleaner than our homes.

Tortured for a location on my base constantly after their attempts to get it out with their american kindness, which surprised me. Though they were getting close to breaking me, always being called away suddenly before I most likely bleed out or am killed after I spill. Were we fighting the right people, were we fighting for the wrong side, or for the wrong reason. But suddenly before he's able to crack the whip against my back once again he's called out as backup. Was I being saved. But to my demise they wouldn't make it in time I tell myself. I stand up back bloody and sore, my hands being occupied with rope burrowing into my skin was no help. As if I was standing in the sun and my skin blistered itself peeling away my dry skin only to peel the fresh off as well. Then the skin under that layer and the skin under that layer. As I get ahold of the pain throwing me off balance I push myself past the opening of the tent. Only to be greeted by the backs of those that kept me prisoner. I ran the opposite way distancing myself quite a bit before I faceplant into dirt. Dragging my face across I lay there tired and thirsty so I hid myself near the water that lead for miles close to the base but out of distance enough so that I won't get caught.

Chapter 5

Taking the bag he packed for me I hug him and tell him don't get killed and start running toward the buildings far behind the U.S. camp. Far enough from the camp I make my way into civilization. All ecstatic from all the gunfire over on the other side I figured how dramatic everyone would be being so close for me to make it in 5 hours of walking and jogging. I make

my way around and just state I was making a letter delivery stating my bags empty so they won't ask for any. Tired from my journey I sit down in a coffee house, cigar smoke making me step back when I open the door but still making my way inside. The valuables I stole, I can sell them off, but who would buy them. Looking around the coffee house I figured maybe they could take an extra hand with or without a bribe. Or I could move in with someone with the offer of working for free. Feeling smug I walk to the front only to be turned away for being a kid. I take a minute to clear my head and pull out all the valuables and place it in front of them. "It's silver and it's yours for some cash or a job anything would do."

After a minute they gave me a job! I was grinning so big. My first job... as a dishwasher. Who would take me in I wonder while washing the dishes. Ashes getting between my nails as I think I decided to ask around.

"Boss you happen to need a roommate?" I ask with big eyes that bat in front of this tall dude that could smash me like an insect if he wanted to.

"Ha you're a funny kid but ain't gonna happen." he says taking a puff and blowing it in my face. I swipe it away and start getting desperate considering I do not want to sleep outside. I cannot stand washing myself in that ocean water thinking I could get caught naked. Nor can I take a deuce in a bucket.

"Please do you have a couch I'll sleep on it just, I don't remember what a toilet looks like. I can't remember man." Staring in his soul, he sighs and groans.

"I have a couch. You know you're a strange child."

"I know." I smirk.

After that day I knew I was set. Bosses name ended up being Bob and I lost it made fun of him and he got mad. But he could never stay mad because he was just a big bear who was like a dad to me. We grew to buddies and I soon told him my story after another year. Visiting Bubbles every once in a while right behind their base.

“I’m in debt to you Bob”

“Where are you going?”

“I’m visiting Bubbles, you’ll meet him when he gets out but it just wouldn’t make sense for you to meet him so the guards wouldn’t let you through.”

“Whatever.” he mocks.

“That does not sound like me.”

Smiling as I walk away, I grow distant. I know every time I come back I become more distant but I guess that’s what war does. It messes with your brain. People banging on the door would scare me and the loud laughter in the coffee house would remind me of those screaming in pain. Both loud which only reminds me of my headphones at home. I wonder how much time passes sometimes but other times I forget that I was even from the future, but is it bad I’m not bothered.

Arriving to the camp I give my friend a big hug, noticing a wince.

“You get shot again?”

“Everyone does.”

“Understandable, have a very nice day.”

“I don’t think that’s possible Lily.”

“Whatevs.” I say, annoyed

After eating some food together and talking about how much we miss our family we hear some gunshots too close for comfort.

“That’s coming from the base.” Discomfort showing on our faces as we face one another.

Alarm rising in us, I stand and look for anyone only to see nothing.

“There’s no one comi-”

Heat rushing to my cheeks throwing me off. A knife to my throat, will do that but it didn’t help that whoever it was, was pointing a gun at Bubbles. I tear up as I stutter please not shoot him, with bubbles coming closer and making gestures. But he doesn’t understand, as he says something from a different language he shoots bubbles in his knee causing me to cry as I’m pulled by the hair across the fields. As more of them with the same language start shouting. They were rushing them. Then I realize I recognize that language from my aunt, tagalog. Man had I wished she taught me some words right now. Panicking I can’t do much as he cuts my neck as I’m pushed forward.

Chapter 6

After stealing supplies off their base every now and then, my eye caught the little lady who stabbed me. She didn’t look that much older didn’t grow any taller but her blond hair caught my attention through the dark clouds, the wind blowing it past her shoulders. Months past before I see her again but once I do it’s dark and I’ve already stolen what I needed from them. I just needed one more thing to be accepted once again, after all I didn’t spill our location but a gift wouldn’t hurt, especially one that could lead to our victory. So once the stars spill out, I head for

the camp that took my freedom away. Lurking in the shadows was easy, you were more prone to being seen in light and that's what gave me confidence. The knife that I stole off a corpse would be a great source to capture her but I grabbed my gun just incase she decided her life wasn't as important as me being captured. With only a certain amount of bullets I had to be careful.

As the thoughts run through my mind I give away my location with tripping on one of the tents. Her voice with confidence as she states there's nothing there filled me with joy rushing behind her as I nick her neck just slightly, being so close I feel her tense up. It gave me some kind of ease knowing I had her, like if I was protecting her. A part of me was alarmed at the thought that I was doing something wrong, though I would not know why. It was as if she was the one saving me from these close deaths. But that couldn't be... right? With the tall man in front of me showing his alarm, he's carrying yet I was quick enough before he could pull his weapon out. Pointing the weapon at him I rush her across the field being accompanied suddenly by shots but none of them hitting me. She was like a lucky charm. I push her across practically dragging her and bring her to the head of command, hoping they will go easy.

Chapter 7

I could tell I was brought straight to the leader due to the fact I was practically a gift to bring back for him being held captive. Behind the tent deeper in the trees was a small hut. Made of wood and shaped like a porta potty there was no way they fit their captives here. But when

they opened the door I saw that there were no captives only blood and a small hole where I was soon pushed in. As I fell I looked down and saw only blood. Well at least they got the bodies out. In the corner a man, with scars that healed covered with cuts. Dried blood practically embedded in his skin, covering his bony back. He was curled up in a ball etching the dirt with lines after lines. If they were days it looked like he was here for over a month. I wonder if he's the reason why this hole got so big but I decided not to ask. I knew Brett would come for me. He wouldn't leave me here. Thinking to myself at night I joke, cold nights with a rando is not exactly what I expected for my camping vaca, but beggars can't be choosers. After giggling to myself, I fall asleep on the dirt across from my new roomie.

Light peering down to our den, I wake up curled up in a corner just like strange dude who is way too close to me. His breath foul and breathing down on me like a lion who just caught his prey. I am not about to be prey so I stand up. But due to my inferior growth he still towered over me, his bangs covering his eyes and so pale you would think he's never touched the sun. He tries to speak but only cracks come out with grunts of frustration and pain. What if all the blood was his, would I become like that. The door above opens and the hole suddenly looks like heaven only to be ruined with a figure jumping through and smiling at us. The lion-like aura coming from strange dude vanishes and turns to a coward instantly as he trembles and lays on the wall next to me. I would've called him lion if he didn't just do that, but I guess rat could do considering he must've cracked. The visitor steps forward still smiling as he suddenly grabs me by my neck and flings me around like a ragdoll by my throat. Speaking tagalog in my ear then simply letting go of my neck which sends me to the ground. I quiver as I slide back to the corner.

“Do you understand?” He says in a butchered english tone.

I sit there not knowing how to answer and stay as still as possible.

“Why you in base?” Smiling as he crouches down next to me. Thinking how easily he would have broken my neck, I reply.

“Why you no speak english before you grab meh.”, Roughly replying back as my throat feels like it just got crushed like a can. But I don’t think he liked my humor. As he drags me by my ankle into the sunlight giving me focus to his features. But there was not much to see as he looked like any other bad guy except a tone darker and a scar on his throat instead of his face. Hair dark and shaved.

“Where leader.” with bad breath he demands in a language I can tell is not his own.

Not replying he smirked as he leans down examining me like food. This is not gonna be good.

He grabs me by my hair as I eye his desire. Wincing, he throws me on the ground pulling down his pants, I rush back. Only being pulled like a string puppet. I kick him straight in the crotch, knowing he would be very angry with me afterwards.

As he screams, a food delivery comes through covering him in what looked like leftovers. The delivery boys being blamed, they drag him up as we hear them exit. An idea goes through my head and I decide to tell the rat in his corner. At night we settle and I tell him to lift me up through the hole and I can tell them where we hide but he doesn’t reply. Plan would’ve been no good I find out, as the door is opened and they cover the hole with some wire, locking the door on their way out. It could easily be moved. But the next day we are moved to another hole, again. I wonder what they do to our other imprisonment, a port a potty? We move every now and then not being able to see a pattern as I lose track of the days. We move to buildings sometimes to

another hole tiny at first only to grow a bit by rat scratching at the walls. Dirt building up in the center I try to escape only to be punished with being poked and tortured as I have no answers. I really did know nothing about the base. I only knew Brett as Bubbles... as the person that would save me. But as I grow insane like rat; not communicating and being alone was threatening. I start questioning if he was even coming... if we were even friends... was I a bother or was he dead. I cry myself to sleep the next hours, possibly days since we can't even see sunlight. They cover all form of light, during the night though I hear the ocean rough that's the only way I can tell. Once rat and I got closer he tells me I look like his younger sister. I find out his name is Ricardo, but I started calling him Ric for short. I can tell he pretends I am his sister sometimes because he becomes more approachable, and I pretend he's Bob sometimes. Way too skinny to fit the part considering how muscular bob was, attaining his beer belly. I miss his toilet, our toilet. I payed for some of it practically since I worked so hard. Feeling the bricks on the wall I fall asleep not knowing when I grew so weak... when did I stop fighting...

Chapter 8

-Unknown soldier

I woke from my friend who I've missed for plenty of time only to be shown distress as I'm told our location has been spotted. Him being on lookout, he knew it was only a short amount of time before their backup came compared to ours. We packed our bags silently while

we hear the rustles of those that closed up on us. We crawled under our tent and snuck off into the night, hopefully making it back safely. Hoping the blonde child will too make it out alive.

Chapter 9

That night I'm woken up by light and constant poking to my side and yells from nearby.

"What Ric?" I whisper only to be shown a face in between our bar doors.

"We had a window? Who is that?"

"He said he was your friend."

Questioning myself I go closer looking at my best friend his brown hair and beard that formed into a ducktail. With small dimples peaking at the end and tears rolling down his eyes that looked like the ocean at night.

"Brett" I break, barely able to come out of my mouth as I pull his hair like a child.

"You jerk, take this!" I say as I rip a piece of hair out, man where'd my strength go.

"I'm so sorry, we gotta go they're gonna move you and we don't have enough time."

I look at Ricardo and gesture with my head as we tip toe out.

"Look how thin you got we gotta celebrate your recovery and yours Ricardo with some rice"

Rice sounded good for once being fed leftovers of those who trapped us for questioning.

Not asking about the distraction due to all the screams going off and the yelling. He came.

Tears rolling down my cheek as I'm pulled along by Ric because I was so slow.

Apparently months have passed, it was almost going to be a year, if I stayed for a couple more months. Cuts and bruises cover me as I'm questioned by Bubbles chief. Ric had it good, he broke

down, was yelled at a bit but forgiven given the situation and his appearance. My ribs poking out of my skin, Bubbles passes us some rice.

In 1900 December, I show Bob that I bought him a little sign that had his name on it as we bought drank hot chocolate by the tree. My hair every now and then getting caught on the door because of how long it was. I wondered every now and then how long it would be till I went home and how much time has past, do they miss me, are they looking for me. How would I explain how I grew to them. Another year passes celebrating birthdays and events. I didn't know what would happen when I do get home, how do I tell them bye. That day I made letters to each person I met. Wished them the best and told them that basically I'd be with my family and I just was picked up. Tell them I loved them and thought of them as family. I guess that's the worst part to write because of how many tears I got on that part, I hope I didn't smear it. By the end of 1901 I felt it come back. The feeling that I had on that exact day I came here. But it didn't happen I just knew it wasn't time, so I started passing out the letters. First to Rat, with a bowl cut that I did because of how long his hair was. Rat, who came with us and got a job at a retail place nearby and moved in the same complex just upstairs. I slid the letter through the slot early in the morning and went downstairs missing all the food we both shoved into our face when we came home. Bob, plain old bob with barely any hair left wearing a tank top stained with coffee. Dozing on the couch I leave the letter on his lap as he continues to snore and twitch every once in a while. When I reach downstairs to put the allowance Bob gave me in the register I see a familiar back with his military suit. Carry the bag I left at his camp, yes it was Bubbles.

“Wazzz up.” Bubbles says surprising me

I burst with glee only to be caught with tears that grew out of the corner of my eyes as a wave that is fairly familiar hits me leaving me feeling ill. Not understanding that it was activated due to my ancestor finally making it to safety. Wasting no time I rush to hug Bubbles so I could say bye, but I had a feeling... I wouldn't make it halfway through. Dropping the letter as I let it fall to the floor. My story of my travel goes through his head as I see his expression change through the wrinkles on his forehead.

"Lily wai-" his voice cutting out as I watch him launch himself towards me while dropping his bag. I smile.

I'm left on the ground as I cry knowing that I was home. Rustles from the kitchen follow me as I turn to face my neighbor peering over while digging in a bag of chips. Her mouth open letting the chip that she was going to consume fall to the ground.

"Where?" she questions looking around as if I was hiding the entire time. "You're mom and brother were worried about you. Sent me to check on you in a couple hours. Why didn't you answer your phone." I turn to look at the clock as I lift up wiping some tears away in the process. So I was only gone for 4 hours huh. Tons of questions flood through the air that I can't answer, the only thing that came to my head was "I lost my bag." leaving her questions unanswered I drag my tired body to my bedroom. After being gone for so long, I felt out of place and only could think of how much therapy I would need to feel like I was home again. Sitting myself down on my desk that I thought of the first months, I ponder upon what I will tell my mother. When my mom comes I'll just tell her I went to my friend's house to comfort her. Filling my

friend in on the plan with the device that could've easily helped me in that war zone, with the device that I lived without happily with Bubbles and Bob.

I clear my head and decide to look up what happened. U.S. won indeed. Not ever finding out why I was sent there. Then I continue my research and look up Bob and the coffee shop. What I found was a newspaper that was from the 1800s with the title Victory with jobs wanted and a small article on the war and in the next page my name.

-Brett, Bob, Ricardo

We love you Lily.

Their words ease me immediately and leave me crying on my desk. Banging following from the door with my mother's voice following.

Travel

Chapter 1

I couldn't feel anything, everything was spinning five hundred miles all at once. I blinked and everything went pitch black. *Where am I? What is this place?* There were millions of questions that were racing through my head. I blinked again; I was somewhere else that was not my house. But, there I was at a thin and frail forest. Throughout the trees was a town that looked mostly destroyed. Suddenly a plane flew overhead, dropping bombs that looked like weights falling through the sky. Once the bombs ever so slightly touch something, anything, it was blown into millions of pieces. Then setting those pieces into flame. I saw people fleeing their town. The full incalculable vicinity blew up. Everyone was hurt or dead, or even sometimes both. People were hurt, badly. There was blood all over the them.

I could tell they were trying to flee into a different place that was safer than this one. I was just watching this all happen. Not moving, frozen like the dead bodies laying on the floor. Which would make some people stumble over and fall. The bombs that were sent flying through the air, would make terrible blows to the ground and a horrible noise would follow. The sound felt like it had broken the sound barrier. The bombs were clearly for a mass murder. They were sent to kill all of the innocent people that were happy. One after one they would send them. They would falling a straight line, like weights.

That night, I knew that I was not going to be safe. There were hours of the planes still flying in the air. Even after all of the people left. There were planes that tried to get the last

people in that town killed. I've heard a few people being yelled at, then a gunshot being right after. I could hear everything that was going on. I was close to them, and some not so much.

After all of the planes left, I had to scramble to the town to find a place to sleep. The town was really small and there were not a lot of clues where I was at. All of the letters on some of the buildings were wiped out by all of the bombs. There was one building that had most of one word that had cafe in Vietnamese. I didn't think that this place was the Vietnam war. I had know about it by my parents and my grandparents. There were many things that they didn't want to talk about. I had found a small house that had one wall missing, for me to stay. It didn't bother me. There was a table, a desk, a mattress, and a lamp. I had searched through the house for a new cover for the bed. If I had found a cover. I had found a few covers for the bed along with a few that had fit a kids bed. I put a new cover on the mattress, so that I didn't sleep on the dirty mattress. I also took a few of the kid's bed covers and scrunched them into what was almost a pillow but, wasn't exactly there. I turned the table that was in the next room that was mostly exposed, to the side of the bed. I had turned the table to give me a little more protection. I looked for a calendar for what month and year it was. I had found one hanging on the wall. It was the Vietnam War. I could not sleep because of what I had just experienced and where I am at .After restless hours of thinking about the planes and the killings. I would finally fall asleep.

I woke up breathing heavily, I was terrified. I began crying. I had seen too much yesterday. I had seen murders and dead bodies. There was too much going on. An overcoming sadness went over me. I got depressed, I was experiencing a war and I have seen a lot. I just laid on the mattress. I tried to fall asleep again and forget about everything.

Chapter 2

I woke up to a cold and isolated room. There was a desk, a chair, and a bed. I didn't think that this could be possibly real. But, everything did felt real. There was a metal door that lead to the hallway. I peeked into the hallway. There more doors that had patients in there. There wasn't much that I could see out of the window. So, I went to the other window that was placed on top of the desk, bars over the window. I looked between the bars and saw a barbed wire fence surrounding the whole entire place. Accompanying the fence was a sign that read "The Carolina mental hospital" While I was trying to read the sign, a nurse came in with water and pills on a metal tray.

"Take these, it will make you feel better, Ms. Collins"

I had taken the pills. The pills made me feel drowsy, they made me so tired. I wanted to sleep., I fell to the floor as if I was dead. The nurse was crying for help, even though she was the one who did this to me. I could see everything. but everything was blurry. So blurry that I couldn't see until right in front of my face.

I felt like I was dying. My life was flashing before my own two eyes. But, all of my memories were playing slowly. All of my memories were like a movie, with all of the best parts of my life. I could hear the ambulances, with the fire trucks in the background. I could also hear the policemen that were escorting the ambulance. The noises were not that loud, it had felt like a whisper.

"Were losing her" someone had said

I had heard all of the monitors that were being hooked up to my body. I had felt my soul was being lifted from my body. There were a lot of things that were being operated on me. I could feel the needles that were being stabbed into my body. There were monitors being hooked up to me.

There was pain all over my body. It was so hard to do anything. It was dreadful to do anything. I could hear my breath was raspy and short. I was not getting enough air. I had to cough a few times. I could not defeat death at this fine moment. I could not outrun it. I had finally given up. Everything had stopped. I could not feel anything. Everything went black and cold. I felt like my body was going down, through the ground. Even though I was still.

Chapter 3

I had woken up. There was some people that were standing at the edge off my bed. Then she had walked out of the room to tell a doctor that I was up. There were some people that were coming into the room. There were some nuns that were thanking god for my awakening. There were some police that were trying to get all of the people out of the room. There was a nurse that was checking up on me to see if I was okay. He was checking my heart beat, how I was breathing and a lot more.

“What’s the date?” I had asked the nurse.

“It is November 20, 2025”

“So, I have been in a coma or something for so long?”

“You have been in this coma for about a year. What is your name and when were you born?”

“I am Jasmine Collins. I was on September 20, 2010”

“O.K., I am finished with all of the tests. I will be back later to check up on you.”

He left the room, and I heard muffles coming down the hallway. I had heard them talking about a girl that had the same name as me, was kidnapped. Also, that I might be that girl. The case that was about the kidnapping was closed. So, they might tell the police that they might want to reopen the case.

Chapter 4

I had gone to sleep and woken up to see police around the bed. They were asking me questions. There were so many that the world before me began to spin. Some of the questions were painful for me to answer. I was scared. It was the most painful experience that I have ever had. This had me bursting into tears, I was trying to pull myself together. But, the police thought that all of the questions were enough for me, and that it was too painful.

After the commotion, I was home, I was in my bed. I was there. I went home finally. I went to my own time. Not where there is war, or in the hospital. There were so much that was going through my head. I had laid on my bed for a few hours, binge watching some T.V. Later that day, I got up and was searching on what or who was doing this to me. I had a general idea what and who did it to me.

The empty room that I was using to figure what was happening to me. There were pictures, sticky notes, etc. I wrote down that there were people with the same voices around when it was happening. They had very distinctive voices. I think that they were wearing costumes everywhere I went. So, that would not raise suspicions. They also had the same name tags, in which was at a place that is trying to figure out time travel.

I went to their website to see if they had any job offers. I did not see any job offers, but I did see that there were internships that were going on. I had decided to intern there to see if it was them that were controlling me. I entered for the internship.

I had been accepted into the internship. I had seen all of the people testing the serum in which had a neon color. The color of whatever fluid was inside these serums caught my eye. They were using mice and other animals to test the peculiar liquids. All of the scientists had claimed that all of the testing would not hurt the animals. I can see all of the horrible things that were happening to the animals. All of the animals were put through grueling training. Some of the animals had been bruised and broken. The animals that went through the training had a remote when they were ready. Sooner or later, I was going to find out that all of the animals were going to be turned into a secret weapon. They would use the animals to see into the future, to get ready for any future wars. If the test did not work, the animals would be thrown out with all of the equipment that came with it. All of this was too painful for me to watch. It gave me chills to remember what would happen to the animals, the fact that I could predict what would happen to each poor soul tore at my happiness.

As the days went on, I was taking notes about this place. There were many shady things about this building. There were many things that were not helping the situation. But, they had to cover all of this up of course. So there would be people that would volunteer as test subjects. But, I was the living proof that they figured out that they had figured out time travel for humans.

Chapter 5

When I go home every day, I would go to my house and went to put to down more notes that I have collected over the days. As soon I looked over to the window in the room. There were people in white coats staring through their glass. One of the people press the backwards button on a remote.

I woke up to a different face. People were running to somewhere. Everything was paused, literally. There was chaos. Some people were sad, mad, and a lot more expressions. Some children were lost and sitting down, sobbing. I had put some of the children in some people's arms. While I was putting a child into someone's arms the world had un-paused. Everyone was running. I had to run with all of the other people. So, then I would not raise suspicions. There were people pushing others to get to a safe place. I followed the unknown people as they were heading to the beach. There were Army boats. They were all lined up. There were smaller boats that were transporting the people. I had gotten onto one of the boats. They put all of the people into a big room. People were being toppled on top of each other. All we got was a few pieces of bread with meat or a small sandwich and a cup of water. All of us were starved to death for a few months. Some people were so skinny, all there were people that were only skin and bone. People could see ribs and the rest of their bones. Some people would save their food to eat later. I would hear all of the army men getting all of the food that they wanted. The lieutenant in the boat was always making sure that we would get the leftover food from the trays. He would check in with the cook to see if he was bringing the food down, but he would never check in with us. One day,

I was walking around to find the bathroom and I had bumped into the lieutenant. I had to ask him if we could have more food down where we were.

“Hi, excuse me,” He had

turned around, “Do you think that we can get more food, for the people in the storage areas. We are starving to death and some people are turning into skeletons.”

“Oh, that is weird. I

told the cook to give the rest of the leftovers from the trays. Well, anyway

I’ll go talk to him.”

“Thanks”

I left to tell all of the people that we were getting more food. They were all cheering. It was the first time I was happy on this ship. Some people were up and dancing. Some people sang, some people used the walls in that area as instruments. There was a lot of dancing for hours.

A few days later the cook came down with lots of food. It was almost like a feast. It was the first time I was full on that trip or even for anyone in that room. After, that day the cook has been giving us the food that we needed to live on that trip. We also got more water, because there wasn’t even enough water in the first place. There were only two more months left of being on this boat. It was not as gruesome as the last few months. No one was starving after that. I was trying to sleep in this place. I was imagining my bed. I could not stand another night sleeping on the metal floor. I could feel something was making me feel like I wasn’t at this place and making me feel at home more and more. But, there was something that was making me feel

like I am staying at this place. I woke up to the sight of people in army clothes and they had the same voices that was following me. I was struggling to make myself go home.


I woke up to my bed. I was so happy to be in my bed. My body was so tired and felt like it was broken. I was physically drained from what had just happened. I took a very long shower to get off all of the grime that was on my body. Some places were caked with dirt. All of the dirt came off and I saw all of the bruises that covered my body. Some were deep and some were shallow. Then, I was treating myself after the shower. I just had to relax. I was binge watching half of the day. After I was done with a all of the binging. I was ready to get together a piece to get that place sued. But, I wanted to help all of those people on the boats. I made all of those people my first priority. I had brought all of them toys and many more things. All of the things that I would bring them were wonders to them. Even though it might put me in danger to give all of those people what they wanted. I went to go see if the place had any more people that were striving to get help. I got some people that were still trying to hide in basements by other people. I could still see who was scared by the war. This war was so scarring. There were many things that would frighten them. There were a lot of people that had fled to the U.S. But, when I find all of the people that are still trying to flee. I would put them onto the boats and make sure that all of the people were safe on that boat and get more people that are trying to flee onto those boats.

That place did not let me give consent to be part of that crazy science experiment. I had enough notes to have a book about this place. I think that place would drive me crazy or something. Well life gives you unexpected twists. It is like a road with rocks and many bumps.

Well I want to just to enjoy life. Even though there are many bumps in life, I will enjoy everything. If you are reading this. I hope that you know what I went through. I want you to

enjoy your life. No matter what would bring you down. There would always be light at the end of the tunnel.

-Jasmine Collins



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happen